123 312 [402] nets of twisted fiber, hooked the nets in the ends of the notched stick and started off nine or ten miles to the water hole in the heart of the mountains.

Water carried so far over loose, sandy soil, dodging cactus, threading a devious way among the *talus* thrown off the cliffs and slopes of canyon walls, with the water-bearer barefoot, acquires a value absolutely unknown to the man who draws an unlimited supply from a faucet.

The two men were gone six hours and when they returned they were almost staggering under the heavy loads of water, each man carrying at least one hundred and ten pounds of water, as the cans were full. In addition, one man had a canteen full.

The thirsty people drank sparingly, and a little Seri maid poured some of the precious liquid into a cooking olla for a thirsty dog. After the dog had lapped sufficient to allay his thirst, she carefully poured the residue back into the can, never losing a drop. One drop of water could not be spared after that arduous trip.

484 147 648 Bob says a man goes to Hermosillo occasionally and returns to the coast, ninety miles, with two to five cans of *mescal*. It takes probably four days to do it, but it is a wonderful feat of endurance. He said about thirty years ago a woman walked the ninety miles during one night, afoot, and reported to the Government House when it was opened at nine in the morning that about fifty of her people had been shot by Roberto's uncle at various times. This uncle was a very hard rough man and the Seris were fond of his mares and steers for meat, and used to steal, so he began shooting a goodly number. Fearing a man messenger would be shot, as men were frequently shot while going along the road, they sent a woman.

Ysabel was Governor at the time. Judgment was rendered against the uncle, and it is probable that a hanging squad would have been sent out to execute him. The Governor, a great friend of the family, sent for him, and he rode ninety miles at night on horseback and was saved with the Governor's help.

Roberto saw twelve Seris pack meat from two mares, two steers and two yearling heifers, for four or five miles to their boats. Their endurance and strength is phenomenal. The question naturally arises, "Why are not burros used by the Seris on the Island to ride and pack, [402] as they are by their Mexican neighbors on the mainland?" It has been tried, but things were reversed; the Seris packed the burros around in their stomachs.

261 262 Roberto said: "These people, living on the verge of starvation, never having a continuous food supply, would kill and eat every burro, and it is a common thing on the mainland, if a cow or horse dies, and Seris are in the neighborhood, they will try to beat the buzzards to it. They will gorge in times of plenty, and when food is scarce they

[text continues on p. 160]